

Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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ARLINGTON, MASS.; FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1887.

No. 4.

Everybody

Owning property of any kind owes it to themselves to protect it from loss by fire in reliable companies. If you are without insurance secure a policy at once in a first class company through

R. Walter HILLIARD,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

Offices, 13 Kilby St., Boston, 2 Swan's Block, Arlington.

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, MARINE.

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For Ensuing 2 Weeks

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I. E. ROBINSON,
Bank Block,

Of which the following are a few:

30 doz. Gent's Extra Fine Linen COLLARS, 10 cts. each. 3 for 25 cts.

REVERSIBLE COLLARS, 19 cts. pr. box, former price 25 c.

Gent's Fine Laundry White Shirts, Extra Quality, 60 CENTS.

This Shirt has never been Sold less than \$1.00

MEN'S HEAVY DRIVING MITTS, only 25 cts.

Men's, Boys' & Youth's Hats and Caps, IN ALL QUALITIES, AT BARGAINS.

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BANK BLOCK.



CALVIN ANDREWS,
Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable,
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Particular attention paid to boarding horses
Order by mail or telegraph promptly attended to
Hacks and carriages furnished for Funerals,
Weddings, Parties, etc. Single or double teams
Special pains will be taken to meet all reasonable
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Hacks, Barges, and Teams,
Furnished to Order.

Special attention to Weddings, Funerals, Etc.
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-AND-
Furnishing Undertaker.

Will attend to the care and preparation of bodies. Constantly on hand an assortment of COFFINS, CASKETS and ROBES.

Crinches, Patent Folding Chairs and Flowers furnished where desired. Warehouses and offices.

BROADWAY, OPP. SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

TELEPHONE, 6834.

Residence on Mystic street. 25sep-11

D. F. TRIPP.

Concrete Paving

AND

GRAVEL ROOFING.

Residence, corner of Irving and Garnet Sts.

Watertown, Mass.

Reporter's Weekly Gatherings

IN ARLINGTON.

-- "Penelope" Jan. 28.

-- The question of town officers is being quietly discussed.

-- The T. A. S. Ball Club is arranging for a grand benefit party in Town Hall.

-- Y. P. S. Club entertainment at Universalist Vestry next Friday evening.

-- A new barber has taken possession of the little building opposite our office.

-- The soldiers' monument remains in status quo during this rigorous weather.

-- Sunday school concert at the Baptist church, next Sunday evening, at 6:30 o'clock.

-- The advantages of the double track on the steam railroad have been very apparent during recent storms.

-- Opera, music and reading at Universalist church, Jan. 28. Admissions 25 and 15 cents.

-- The January thaw which struck us this morning caused a suspension of ice cutting on Spy Pond.

-- The Cotting H. S. A. A. has arranged for their annual reunion, and announces Feb. 15 as the date.

-- The new Young Men's Catholic Union will have a party in Town Hall at an early date.

-- Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., of Lexington, will supply the pulpit of the Congregational church, Pleasant street, next Sunday morning.

-- Rev. Mr. Gray, of the Universalist church, will exchange pulpits with Rev. Mr. Marsh, of Winchester, next Sunday morning.

-- The entertainment now in process of preparation to be given in the Universalist church will probably be one of the most enjoyable of the whole season.

-- This evening the Social Club of the Universalist church will have a sleigh ride, after which they will take supper at the Massachusetts House, at Lexington.

-- A miss is as good as a mile; but if the miss is not around, a No. 7 cigar will shorten a walk wonderfully. Try one, at Whitemore's drug store.

-- The work of harvesting the ice crop on Spy Pond has been pushed vigorously this week, and a large space has been cleared away in filling the large buildings near the foot of Linwood street.

-- Cyrus H. Cutler is a member of the Raymond excursion which left for the far west the early part of this week. We wish him a prosperous and pleasant journey and a safe return.

-- Wednesday morning the glass in many places in town indicated as low as 16° below zero. It was the snap of the season, so far, and we hope there will be no more like it.

-- We have men among us, not now actively employed in business matters, who could materially aid the growth of our town if they would devote some of their leisure to that end.

-- A sudden illness (rheumatism) prevented Dr. Mason from occupying his pulpit last Sunday. A substitute was secured from Winchester, Sunday morning.

-- The Statue of Liberty, enlightening the world, is 320 feet high. Six days in every week there are enough No. 7 cigars sold to reach to the top four times. Sold in Arlington only by O. W. Whitemore.

-- "Spiritism and Spiritualism," the second of a series of discourses, will be the subject of Prof. Dorchester's morning sermon at the chapel at Arlington Heights, next Sunday morning.

-- Rev. Mr. Gray addressed the Reform Club at Winchester, last Sunday afternoon, and preached in the North avenue Universalist church in the evening, in addition to his own pastoral work.

-- The usual Sunday school concert of the Arlington Baptist Sunday school will be observed next Sunday evening. Services at 6:30 o'clock. E. H. Marston, Esq., of Somerville, will deliver the address. All interested are invited.

-- Wednesday evening the Debating Club, an organization of young men connected with the Baptist church, with their lady friends, enjoyed a sleigh ride, not the least enjoyable feature of which being the supper at the Massachusetts House, at Lexington.

-- One effect of Monday's storm of snow, rain and hail was to interrupt travel on the steam railroad. The snow plow went up the road all right, but on its return was delayed two or three hours trying to make the crossing at Arlington avenue, and then met with more serious trouble below Lake street, leaving the rails and completely blocking one track from travel for some time.

-- The second entertainment of the season under the management of the Six Odd Associates was given in Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, the "Nemo Minstrels," under the management of J. M. Adams, appearing as the attraction, and they were greeted with a full house. It was an old-time negro minstrel performance, introducing no new features, but these very familiar features were well carried out by the company. The four end men and the interlocutor were especially good in the opening, and the singing of the former was received with hearty applause, especially Billy Burke, who had a double encore. His "Pay your respects to McGinniss" was very funny. Master Alfred, a little son of Mr. Adams, sang very nicely and was encored. In the second part Messrs. Hanlon and Burke appeared as clog dancers, and they are entitled to high rank, judging from their appearance. They secured an encore and showed to equal advantage in a new step and fared equally well when they presented the "Darkey Jubilee." Tom Martin, with comic songs and eccentricities, was repeatedly recalled, and then gave place to Mr. Adams and his son, in character sketches, in which the lad won fresh laurels both by singing and acting. The Pythian Four gave a selection of songs, which were well received, and then came the usual closing piece, introducing a portion of the company in a laughable extravaganza entitled "Military Tactics." Financially the affair was a success, and if strong applause is any criterion the audience was well pleased with the variety entertainment offered.

-- Do not fail to see "Penelope".

-- With advantages second to no other town, with less of drawback than the average community in this section, Arlington still moves slowly in the matter of growth. The increase has been notably of a strong and valuable growth, but with other conditions being equal double the number of equally desirable people might have been induced to make this lovely town their home. We believe the trouble lies in the wealthy and influential in our midst, who, as a class, seem indifferent to all this matter; that if all or only a few of these would form some sort of a business combination the best of good results would come to them and the town be an immense gainer. In towns around us this class of citizens are doing this, and we should be more than happy to chronicle a similar movement here. Why not organize a village improvement society on a permanent basis? Who will set the ball in motion?

-- Members of St. Joseph's and St. Ann's Temperance Societies, of Somerville, with their friends, called at the residence of P. H. Byron, President of the Arlington T. A. Society, last Tuesday evening and greatly surprised Mr. Byron by presenting him with an elegant easy chair and Mrs. Byron was made the recipient of a handsome rocker. Representative Davlin, of Somerville, made the presentation speech, to which appropriate responses were made. Among those present were William Convey, Wm. H. Brien, M. Gill and Councilmen Dwyer, O'Brien and Dowd, all of Somerville. Supper was served and all enjoyed a good time until far into the small hours, when they left for home, well pleased with their trip to Medford.

-- The telegraph announced the death of Mr. Alfred Hobbs, last Saturday, and his father, the aged Dea. John C. Hobbs, has gone to the home of the former at Kinsley, Kansas, to be with the family of his only son in their time of sorrow. Mr. Hobbs made Arlington his home until some eight or nine years ago, when he left West to locate on a ranch, but of late years he has been engaged in a general banking business in the above town. While here he was engaged with his father in the manufacture of splitting knives, and as he was interested in such matters was made chief engineer of the fire department. The deceased leaves a large family of children, the oldest of whom had grown to manhood and was associated with his father in business.

-- The annual meeting of Arlington Congregational Society was held on Monday evening, but owing to the bad weather the attendance was small. C. M. Hall was chosen clerk; W. A. Taft, Edw. O. Grover, E. B. Lane, parish committee; W. H. Richardson, treasurer and collector; S. A. Fowle, E. O. Grover, W. F. Sprague, music committee; John A. Easton, auditor. Appropriations were, pastor's salary, \$1,800 and use of the parsonage; \$325 for music; \$50 for treasurer and collector.

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-- The annual business meeting of the Orthodox Congregational Church will be held in the vestry on Monday evening, January 24, at 7:30 o'clock. Officers will be elected for the ensuing year and reports made of the different departments of church work during the past year.

-- On Thursday evening, the regular meeting of the Quid Nunc Club, the members were entertained at the home of Mr. Will Hardy, on Lake street. The gathering took the form of a pound party and a most enjoyable time was afforded by the distribution of the packages and comparing their contents when opened.

-- The musical entertainment announced for next Friday (January 28) evening at the Universalist Vestry under the auspices of the Young People's Social Club promises to be a very fine affair. The performers have been at work for weeks on the operetta. The programme will include two piano duets, a banjo duett, readings by a talented lady reader, and will conclude with the comic operetta, "Penelope," which in itself will be worth more than the price of admission.

Remember the date, January 28. Admission: Adults, 25 cents; children under fifteen years, 15 cents.

-- Mr. Mark Allen, publisher of the Woburn Advertiser, will please accept our thanks for a copy of the new Directory of that town, recently issued from his office. The growth of the town is well illustrated in the additional names it contains, and the business directory shows a marked gain over former years. We think the work is deserving of a larger degree of encouragement than it received from the business houses. They would have found it for their advantage to have aided Mr. Allen by liberal advertising in its pages.

-- Mrs. O. J. Derby's establishment will be reopened on Saturday. The store to be opened in connection with Mrs. D.'s dressmaking establishment is to be a millinery store where all that is latest in style and material will be furnished numerous patrons.

-- Mr. Benjamin Cutler, a violinist of rare excellence, desires to procure pupils desiring instruction on that instrument. His card appears in our advertising columns.

-- Arlington Young People's Society

of Christian Endeavor will hold its prayer meeting in the vestry of the Orthodox church, Sunday evening, at six o'clock.

Subject: "Be thankful." All are invited.

-- Belmont Happenings.

At a meeting of the Belmont Savings Bank, Thursday evening of last week, Mr. W. L. Cheney was re-elected treasurer.

A very gay party of thirty enjoyed a fine moonlight drive to Bedford on Thursday evening of last week. A fine supper awaited the company on its arrival at the hotel.

Work on the Catholic church progressed rapidly during the fine weather, but the recent storms have deferred operations.

Rumor has it that although the sub-committee of five have submitted a very favorable report to the Water Board, it will be fully a year before the town will have a water supply. It should be remembered, however, that the town is quite without protection in case of fire, but it is hoped that a second Eastport experience will not be necessary before precautions will be taken.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle will give two more entertainments during the season.

A gang of safe burglars operated successfully on the Belmont Savings Bank, Tuesday night. They entered through a window into the Town Hall, in which building the bank is located. The bank and town safes were skilfully opened. From the latter nothing was taken, but the bank lost the following papers: \$1,000 in Fitchburg railroad five per cent bonds, No. 441, registered, and \$500 Mansfield & Framingham railroad bond, unregistered, coupons attached to both. Payment is stopped on the former, but the latter is negotiable; three shares of the Hide and Leather National Bank of Boston; four shares of the Traders' National Bank of Boston; five shares of the Third National Bank of Boston, the value of the bank shares being \$1,500. On these shares payment has been stopped. A dividend from the bank of 2 per cent. was due Wednesday and was paid. There is evidence that the robbers first broke into the gate tender's house near the station and stole from there a lantern. The fact that a dividend was to be paid the following day doubtless led the thieves to suppose a considerable sum in ready money would be found in the bank vaults, but in this they were disappointed. The President, Hon. J. V. Fletcher, provided against any contingency in case of a panic because of the robbery, by placing ample funds of his own at the bank's disposal, but there was no less of confidence in consequence of the robbery.

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The Government revenues continue to exceed the estimates nearly \$1,000,000 per day on an average. This certainly shows a substantial business recovery.

A Philadelphia newspaper desires its readers to believe that a large terrapin was nailed in a box and given neither food nor drink for three months, and that when it was taken out it was found to weigh an ounce more than it did when it was put in.

A new industry has been started in Vermont for collecting the cones of the white or spruce pines and extracting the seed from them, which are then sent to France, Germany, and other parts of Europe, to renew the forests there that have been cut down. Each bushel of cones yields about two pounds of seed.

Mr. Robert Capper proposed, in the British Association, a railway to connect the heart of Africa with London in ten days, as "a feat worthy of the age we live in." He would advocate the building of a railway from the two rivers, Niger and Congo, toward each other, and north and south, at the rate of a mile a day, to form a spine through the continent.

A tunnel is projected, to be bored under Gray's Peak in the Rocky Mountains. It will be placed 4,441 feet below the summit of the mountain, will be 25,000 feet (nearly five miles) long, and will give direct communication between the valleys in the Atlantic slope and those of the Pacific side, with a shortening of some three hundred miles in the transmontane distances.

The difficulty of sighting rifles in the dark in warfare has been ingeniously overcome by the use of luminous paint. A small luminous bead is clipped on to the rifle over the fore-sight, and another over the rear-sight when used at night in reply to an enemy's fire, forming two luminous sights. The British War Office authorities have had some of these sights under trial for the past six months, and have now given their first order for some.

Professor Baldwin of Dublin places the average yield of milk per cow in England, Ireland and Scotland at 400 gallons a year, and the gross product at 1,600,000,000 gallons a year. Different experts have estimated the average capacity of the cows in the United States at about the same figure, between 8,000 and 8,500 pounds a year. It is only by bearing these figures in mind that one can appreciate the room there is for improvement by introducing improved stock, and considering that the number of cows devoted to butter-making far exceeds that of those devoted to other purposes, the field is practically unlimited.

The Boston Post has been making calculations as to what a man "takes out of himself" when he chases after a moving train. The following conclusions are reached: "The mental disturbance in such cases must add, I should judge, about twenty beats a minute to the action of the heart, so that he who runs for a train at the speed of ten miles an hour is really taking it out of himself at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and if, as must frequently happen, the runner is conscious of this fact, why, then, at least five heart beats more a minute must be added as the effect of such mental introversion, and thus the margin of safety becomes exceedingly small."

About 20,000 people are annually destroyed in India by animals, and of these nineteen are said to be bitten by snakes. The number of human victims tends to increase, in spite of the fact that the number of wild beasts and snakes destroyed has doubled in the last ten years, and that the Government reward paid for their extermination has risen proportionately. Nearly 2 1/2 lakhs of rupees (about \$125,000) were thus paid in 1884. Next to venomous reptiles, tigers claim most victims. Ten years ago wolves, mostly in the Northwest provinces and Oudh, killed five times as many people as of late years; but the extermination of wolves seems to be going on rapidly. Leopards are the alleged cause of death to about 200 human beings annually. Apart from the loss of human life, the returns show an annual destruction of 50,000 head of cattle.

The fact that during the recent cold weather there was much loss of cattle in transportation from Texas to Chicago, leads the New York Tribune to say editorially: "Cattle kept in closely packed cars two or three days without fodder or water necessarily become diseased and consequently unfit for food. Reduced in flesh by starvation, their blood fevered by thirst, their nervous systems disordered by the crowding and jolting on the railroad, these poor creatures are hurried to the stockyards, and often before they have had a chance to repair the fatigue of the journey they are converted into beef. Such meat is not wholesome and should not be marketable. The men who care nothing for the sufferings of dumb beasts, and are reckless as to the effect of putting unwholesome meat on the market, would undoubtedly see the wisdom of treating their cattle with decent humanity if they found that their brutal methods cut down their profits."

R. P. Rockwell, Editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, who has made a recent visit to the coal and iron regions of Tennessee and Alabama, says that that part of the country is "booming" more than any other. He never saw anything like the development of the mining resources of the South of the enterprise and push those in whose hands the business is displaying.

Dr. Blaine, in a recent paper read before the New York Academy of Medicine, asserted that tuberculosis or consumption can be conveyed into the systems of human beings who feed upon milk or beef derived from animals that are afflicted with the same disease. He then declared that two per cent of all cattle killed for the New York market are affected with tuberculosis, and that twenty one per cent of all milk cows have the disease in a more or less dangerously developed form. If this is true it is easy to account for the prevalence of that terrible disease, consumption, which annually destroys so many people. Other diseases are said to be communicated in the same way. The New York *News*, thinks there ought to be stricter inspection of the city's food supplies, and greater restrictions enforced on those who provide the people with these things.

Archibald Leeser, who went to the army during the civil war, from Syracuse, N. Y., and was last heard of as one of Sherman's soldiers marching to the sea, joined his family again recently at Elizabeth, N. J. He has had a varied experience. First he was wounded, then fell into the hands of the Confederates, had brain fever, recovered with memory all gone, wandered about as a lunatic, went to Texas, joined the cowboys, was shot and scalped by Indians and recovered again with memory restored. Then he recollects that he had left a wife and children, and some months ago started East to find them. He could discover no trace of his family, however, until he accidentally met a man from Elizabeth in New York who knew them. His children are grown up, and his wife had not married again during his long absence. She failed to recognize him at first, but when he related incidents in their courtship, she concluded that he was in truth her long lost husband, and flung herself into his arms. Here is a story which fiction could not well outdo.

Whatever the exact relative strength of the three great standing army powers of Europe (France, Germany and Russia) may be, no one can dispute that the keeping of 7,000,000 men almost constantly under arms is detrimental to national or continental prosperity. England's 250,000 sinks into insignificance compared with the gigantic army-roll of these three kingdoms; but Austria has a standing army but slightly inferior in point of numbers to that of Germany, and Italy and Turkey can each put hundreds of thousands of soldiers into the field. Thus Europe has become a veritable continent of soldiers—an armed camp. The taxes necessary to maintain these literally countless masses, to clothe them in dazzling costumes, and to equip them with the newest patterns of life-destroying weapons, are prodigious. Nor is this the only, or indeed the worst, effect of this militarism run wild. Trade and commerce are affected to an extent described as appalling, and Bismarck did not overstate the case when he said that a few more years of tension such as now existed must involve the most prosperous nation in ruin.

A Marvelous Memory.

In the old days of Louisiana many of the Representatives were Creoles who could scarcely speak a word of English. On account of the large Creole element in the State all acts of the Legislature were obliged to be published in both French and English, and all speeches made in the Senate were rendered in both languages. For many years General Horatio Davis, of New Orleans, Clerk of the Senate, translated the speeches and such was his memory that after listening to a speech an hour or two long, he would immediately deliver it in the other language, and with perfect accuracy. And this was accomplished without the use of any notes, and apparently without any effort.

No one could have filled his place, and his services were so highly appreciated and widely known that rival candidates for the office rarely presented themselves. To correctly repeat a long speech requires an excellent memory, but to translate it as it is delivered, must require almost marvelous powers.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Antiquity of Gingerbread.

It will surprise housekeepers to learn that our homely everyday luxury—gingerbread—has been used since the fourteenth century. It was made then and sold in Paris—so Montell affirms in his "Histoire des Francais." It was then prepared with rye meal, made into a dough, and other spices, with sugar or honey, were kneaded into it. It was introduced into England by the court of Henry IV. for their festivals, and soon brought into general use. Since then it has retained its popularity and contributed much to the pleasures and enjoyments of young and old. A great change, of course, was after a while made in its composition, and particularly after it was introduced into this country. Honey being more expensive than molasses, was less used, and the darker color hidden under some other ingredient or glaze. To take the gift off the gingerbread was a common proverb, and in the old country booths, glittering with their rude devices in gingerbread, are still seen in many country towns to this day.

UNITY.

One law there is for every grain of sand And every star. Howe'er the sand be blown By shifting winds about, or shoreward thrown By surge of wave resistless, yet the Hand That on the farthest star lays strict command, To hold it fast in orbit all its own, Not for one breath space leaves the speck alone. But brings it still at last, as first was planned. So is't with spirits, too: one law there is, Here where we toss and turn so aimlessly, The sport of whim and chance, and yonder. They move in rest, their souls encircling His. The wave will pass, the wind lie down, and we With them shall rest, their full obedience share.

—Bradford Torrey.

GRIM WALKER'S REVENGE.

Between the years 1863 and 1865 a full thousand people heard the story of Grim Walker. That was during the fiercest part of our civil war, and minor incidents were speedily absorbed and forgotten. I doubt if there are a score of people living to-day who can recall the details of this singular man's adventures, and I do not remember that anything save a brief outline of the massacre of his family has ever appeared in print.

I was a pony express rider on the Overland route. That meant helping to guard stages carrying a light mail on my saddle, forwarding dispatches, taking my turn to act as agent of some stable, and various other things which need not be explained. There were then several great trails leading west from the borders of civilization, and all were more or less traveled, but the favorite routes were from St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, the one being known as the northern and other as the southern route. I was on a route along the Platte River west of Fort Kearney, which was sometimes fifty miles long, and sometimes 125, according to the way the Indians were behaving, and the number of men we had for service.

Grim Walker was a pioneer named Charles O. Walker, from near Iowa City. He was a giant in size, naturally sour and taciturn of disposition, and his family consisted of a wife and three children. While the country was excited over the civil war, and travel by the Overland had almost come to a stop, except in cases of necessity, Walker and others formed an immigrant party to make a push for the golden land. When I first heard of them they numbered twenty wagons and sixty or seventy people, and were on the Platte, east of Kearney, which was then dangerous ground. When the outfit reached Kearney, some were for turning back, others for electing a new Captain, others for settling down near by and establishing ranches. It seemed that there were three or four different factions in the party, and several bitter quarrels had resulted. In the then state of affairs 200 brave and united men could have scarcely hoped to reach the Colorado or Wyoming line, for the Indians were up in arms on every trail, and thirsting for blood and scalps. When it was known, therefore, that Grim Walker, as he had come to be known, had been elected Captain of a faction and intended to push on at the head of only seven families, which could muster but nine fighting men, soldiers, hunters, Indian fighters, and overland men argued and scolded and predicted. Not an argument could move Grim Walker. Not a prediction could frighten one of his adherents. It appeared to them to be a case where manhood and pride were at stake, and when it was hinted that the military would restrain them they made secret preparations and departed at night. It was an awful thing for those bigoted and determined men to drive their wives and children, consisting of twenty-two people, to a horrible death, but nothing short of a battle with the military would have stopped them.

They left Kearney one night about 10 o'clock, drawing away quietly and traveling at their best speed. They could not have gone ten miles before being discovered by the Indians. A party of twenty of us left over the same trail at noon next day, and we had gone only fifteen miles when we found evidences that the little party, which was keeping along the Platte, had been attacked. This must have been about daylight. Soon after sunrise they had been driven to shelter in a grove of cottonwoods, but before reaching it one of the men had been killed and scalped, a wagon had broken down and been abandoned, and stray bullets had killed a woman and a child as they cowered down behind the cargo of the wagons. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we came to the grove, driving away the last of the savages, but we were too late. Such a spectacle as we there beheld was enough to sicken the heart of the bravest Indian fighter. The little party had been attacked by about 300 redskins, and the fight had lasted for half a day. As near as we could figure from blood spots on the earth fourteen Indians had been killed, and there were bloody trails to show that as many more had been wounded. The foolhardy men had died game as an offset. We made out that their camp had been carried by a charge, and that the last of the fighting was hand to hand. Five of the women had been carried off into horrible captivity, while all others had been butchered—all save Grim Walker. The bodies had been cut and hacked and mutilated in a terrible manner, but we could have identified Walker by his size, even had he been decapitated. The immigrants' horses had all been killed, the wagons plundered and burned, and the savages were bundling up some of the plunder when we came in sight and drove them away. All that was left was the sad work of burying the corpses.

A month later we heard that Grim Walker had escaped from the fight, breaking out of the grove and riding off on horse just as the conflict closed in. Men belonging to the Overland had met and talked with him east of Kearney. He had three wounds, but seemed unconscious of them as he briefly related the story of the fight, and vowed that he would have the lives of five Indians for every white person who had perished. Nothing further was heard of him until June of the following year. I was then in Government employ as a scout and dispatch rider, and was on the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas River, twenty miles west of Fort McPherson, riding with two

other scouts, when we came upon Grim Walker. He had gone east after the massacre, and had built for himself a bullet-proof wagon. It was a great cage on wheels, and everything about it was made of iron. Wheels, box, bottom, top—every part of it was bullet proof. It was pierced or loopholed in fifty places for musketry, ventilated at the top, and was drawn by four mules. The man must have had considerable means at his disposal to pay for a vehicle like that, and he had come all the way from Council Bluffs alone. The interior was fitted up with a sleeping berth, iron tanks for holding food and water, and he had come back to the plains to keep his vow. But for his grimness, the idea would have raised a laugh. He must have been en route for many long days, and he certainly had passed through many perils. We heard afterward that as he reached the fort one afternoon, and it became known that he would push on, every effort was made to dissuade him. For a time he was silent—grim—dead. Then he pointed to the northeast and said:

"There lie the bones of my children and friends, and I will not rest until I have avenged them twice over."

They told him the country was alive with hostiles, and that every rod of the way was beset with perils; but as the sun went down he harnessed his mules to the iron tongue, climbed into the saddle, and without nod of farewell to any one he rode to the west in the gathering gloom—more grim, more determined, more of a devil than a human being. He had traveled a good share of the night over a country in which death lurked in every ravine, but the watchful savages had not espied him. He had traveled until mid-afternoon next day along a trail where savages outnumbered the snakes twenty to one, but somehow they had missed him. We were riding at full speed for the fort, keeping the shelter of the dry ravines and the valleys, and expecting at any moment to be pursued, when we ran upon Grim Walker. His wagon stood on the open prairie, at least half a mile from the river and the shelter of the cottonwoods. The four mules had been unharnessed and turned out to graze, and the man was cooking his supper at a campfire, the smoke of which would draw Indians for ten miles around. Our astonishment when we found him there alone kept us dumb for few minutes. We sat on our horses and stared at him, and he greeted our presence by a mere nod. When I recognized him as Grim Walker I began to suspect the enterprise he had on foot, and after I had put a few questions he briefly explained:

"I am here to kill Indians. You can look my wagon over if you want to."

It was what I have described. He had a barrel or more of fresh water, a lot of flour and meat, a small stove to cook on, and a perfect arsenal of firearms. It was evident that the Indians could not get at him with bullets nor tomahawk, nor fire, and it would take weeks to starve him out. There was only one thing that troubled the man. His stock would be killed off at once when he was attacked, and he would then have no way of moving his wagon. We helped him out of his dilemma by agreeing to take the animals to the fort. The harnesses were piled into his house, and it was understood that he would come for the mules when he wanted them. He had a compass, and we gave him the exact bearings, and as we rode away he was preparing to toast another piece of meat, seeming utterly unconcerned over the dangers of his surroundings. As to what happened we heard him during the next three weeks I had a few meager details from his own lips, but plenty of information from warriors who afterward became "friendly." That is, when licked out of their boots half a dozen times, their villages destroyed, many of their ponies shot, and their squaws and children driven to temporary starvation, they cried for peace in order to recruit and make ready for another campaign.

The campfire which Grim Walker built saved the three of us from being ambushed. A warrior told me that forty savages were between us and the fort when the smoke led them to believe that a large party of immigrants must be camped in the bottoms. It could only be a large party which would dare build such a fire in a hostile country. The warriors were all drawn off by a signal to attack the larger game, and before sunset that evening two hundred murderous redskins were opening their eyes very wide at the site of the one lone wagon anchored on the prairie under their noses. How did it get there? Where were the horses or mules? Was it occupied? They must have asked themselves these questions over and over again, but there stood the wagon, grim, silent, mysterious. The whole band finally moved down for a closer inspection, believing the vehicle had been abandoned, and hopeful that something in the shape of plunder had been left behind. They had come close—they had entirely surrounded the vehicle—when a sheet of fire darted from one of the portholes, and Grim Walker had begun to tally his victims. Before the redskins could get out of range he had killed seven of them, using shotguns and buckshot. It was only when they came to return the fire that the savages discovered what sort of a vehicle had been hauled out there among them. They waited hundreds of bullets before they ceased firing, and with a rifle Walker killed two more of them before night set in.

The superstitious nature of the Indian would have driven him away had he not been burned for revenge. And, too, it was argued that the wagon must contain something of great value to have been built that way, and greed was added to the thirst for vengeance. They believed that the bottom of the box, at least, was of wood, and about three hours after dark a number of warriors, each having a bunch of dry grass under his arm, crept forward to the vehicle to start a fire under it. They crept as noiselessly as serpents, but before a man of them had passed under a double-barreled shotgun belched forth its contents, and two more bucks set out for the happy hunting grounds. Next day, refusing to believe that a wagon could be bullet proof, the Indians opened a fusilade, which was maintained for two hours. They were behind trees and logs and other cover, and not a shot was provoked in response. Various schemes were concocted to get at the wagon, which was finally believed to contain a party of hunters, but none promised success. At noon, however, a number of young warriors volunteered to carry out a plan. There were twelve of them,

and they were to approach the wagon in a wide circle. The idea was to seize and upset it, and thus render the occupants harmless. The circle was made, and it gradually narrowed until the signal for a rush was made.

The man within—grim, silent, watchful—let the circle close, and the warriors seize the wheels before he opened fire. It would have taken a dozen stout men to have lifted two of the wheels off the ground. He shot down three of them and the others fled in terror, and half an hour later the siege was abandoned and the Indians were moving off. For two long weeks the wagon remained on the spot, an object of curiosity to scouts and hunters—an object of awe and menace to the savages. Then, one morning, just at daylight, Grim Walker came into Fort McPherson for his mules. He was going to move his iron cage to new fields. He replenished his provisions, and inside of two hours was off again, having spoken less than fifty words during his stay. It seemed as if he had grown taller, fiercer, more grim and revengeful. There was something pitiful in knowing that he alone had survived the massacre, something appalling in the knowledge that he had become a Nemesis whom nothing but blood would satisfy.

The wagon was moved north to the headwaters of the Saline Fork. One who has been over the route will wonder how it could have been done. It was attacked there one forenoon about 10 o'clock by a band of thirty warriors who had been raiding on the Solomon's River. The mules were staked out, and Grim Walker sat at his camp fire. The warriors charged up on horseback, believing they had a hunter's or surveyor's outfit, and while they stampeded and secured the mules, four of them were killed from the loopholes of the cage. They came back again, and another was killed and two were wounded. Then they discovered what sort of an enemy they had to deal with and withdrew. Grim Walker and his wagon remained there for a month. When the Indians would no longer come to him he set out in search of them, and he became a veritable terror. Twenty different warriors whom I interviewed between 1864 and 1865 told me that Walker was more feared than a hundred Indian fighters. He killed everything he came to that was Indian, including squaws, ponies, children, and dogs. No camp felt safe from him. He had the ferocity of a hungry tiger and the cunning of a serpent. He used his iron wagon as headquarters and made raids for fifty miles around. During the summer our scouts saw Walker or his wagon once a fortnight. He was last seen alive on September 2 on the Republican River, when he had a fresh Indian scalp at his belt. He had then blown up his wagon with gunpowder and abandoned it, although he did not state the fact. His hair and beard had become long and unkempt, his clothing was in rags, and there could be no doubt that he had gone mad. On the 15th of the month, as I rode with an escort of soldiers south of where he was seen on the 2d, and fifty miles from the spot we found him dead. He lay on a bare knoll, on the broad of his back, with his arms folded over his breast and his rifle by his side. His eyes were wide open, as if looking at the buzzards sailing above him, and we soon satisfied ourselves that he had died from natural causes. He had a dozen scars and wounds, but disease had overpowered him, or his work had been done. He had exacted a full measure of vengeance. Better for the Indians had they let his immigrant party pass on in peace, for he had brought mourning to a hundred lodges.—*New York Sun*.

The Brazilians.

They have no ambition, no "go" in them, no will or desire for anything but to sleep away their days and pass their nights in singing, dancing and revelry, says J. W. Wells, of the Brazilians. Inhabitants of any country like these of Boqueirao are as useless as if they did not exist. They have nothing to sell and no means for purchase. Their little labor is expended in raising a few vegetables, fishing, and building a poor hut barely sufficient to accommodate them. It is never repaired; and when the rain comes in one part of the roof the hammock is removed to another corner, until, finally, when the hut decays, and collapses in spite of props, another is built alongside it. The women make the few cotton garments of the men, that, like the huts, are never repaired, and are worn until the rag will no longer hold together. Yet, within, they are the most independent of all peoples, proud of their right to do nothing, and they do it most effectually.

The Modern Cook-Book Dinner.

The modern recipes for making cheap dishes are framed upon the supposition that you are to obtain the materials of manufacture for nothing. They should be written in this form: Go to the market and beg a beef-bone from the butcher; steal a couple of parsnips and half a dozen of potatoes out of the peddler's cart; get your grocer to trust you for half a pound of rice; borrow from your neighbor a cupful of flour; from another neighbor a bag of coal; put your bone into a quart of water and let it stew slowly; slice your potatoes and parsnips; get an onion somewhere and slice it also; put these in with the bone; stew two hours and add your flour; simmer twenty minutes and serve. This dinner will supply a father and mother and twelve children, and there will be enough left to feed four tramps. Cost, one-hundredth part of a cent for match to start fire. Who would be poor?—*Boston Courier*.

Barnum's Advice to Business Men.

Addressing a body of business men at Bridgeport the other day, P. T. Barnum said: "You do not, any of you, advertise enough. You ought to use printer's ink every day. You are asleep and want your business to run itself. Standing advertisements in a paper command confidence. The man who for a year lives in one community and leads a respectable life, even though he be of moderate ability, will grow in confidence and esteem of his fellows. On the same principle a newspaper advertisement becomes familiar in eyes of the reader. It may seldom be read, still it makes

THE CAPITAL OF MEXICO.

STRANGE CONTRASTS OF BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION.

Lives of the Very Poor in the City of Mexico—A Specimen Home—Scenes of Squallid Misery.

A City of Mexico letter to the Boston *Herald* says: In a walk of five minutes from the door of a house in which are gathered treasures of art and splendid book collections, where the decorator and upholsterer have wrought their marvels of taste and comfort, you may go through a lane, hidden behind a high wall, where more than 150 Indians, clad in each two simple garments of coarsest woven blue cloth, live in adobe huts ranged each side of a dirty ditch which carries with its filthy water more than the seventy stinks of Cologne. The interior of these huts contain only the simplest articles of use—a straw mat on the dirt for a bed, a few bits of pottery for culinary use, and that is all—absolutely all. The women, strange, uncouth creatures, with long black hair gathered in coarse braids, almost always with a child as brown as burnt umber and as dirty as you can think, strapped on the back, with faces destitute of intelligence—the faces of souls never awakened—these are the female savages of a famous metropolis. These women make a coarse sort of tortilla, which they sell to a very low class of common laborers. The men, equally unkempt, with brutish faces, are carboneros—sellers of charcoal.

They are a sort of squatters; their former homes were among the mountains, but they are now camped in a city with whose real life they have no connection. They are the pariahs of society, lower than the lowest, living lives that seem not human, and making one feel that the only justification of their existence is the Buddhistic doctrine of transmigration, or the Darwinian doctrine of evolution. What is so repulsive as the human face lacking intelligence? A dog is respectable in comparison. He, at least comes up to the idea of what he should be.

One day, examining a house which was under repair, I climbed a short ladder at a back wall, and, looking over, was paralyzed with astonishment—it was like a peep into the "dark continent" of Stanley—a whole narrow lane filled with savages, a swarming plague spot, a horribly repulsive conjunction of wild people. Then I began to realize what lay concealed behind the walls of the Aztec capital. Probably these people have not changed since the days before the conquest. They still talk their queer language, a curious jargon, filled with sounds unfamiliar to our ears. When you chance on a settlement of these people, it gives you an idea of how far our Caucasian race has traveled from its origin, and what civilization means.

A walk of only five minutes, at the most, from the lower end of the alameda, or public garden, will take you to a section rapidly building up with houses of a good class. It is a section where the land is, perhaps, two feet higher than in the centre of the city. These new streets are paved, and along one of them the electric light gives nightly illumination. Being a new section—part of it the garden of the now confiscated convent of San Fernando—there are some vacant lots where a number of poor laborers have squatted, taking the left over remnants of houses, blocks of refuse stone, etc., to make their huts, or jacales, as they are called. Here in this section, amid new houses, graceful, with pretty patios, filled with well-to-do people, live, in their huts, the families I will introduce you to. They are not the sort of Indians I have just been talking about, but a higher grade, and with some ambition to rise in the world.

Let us take this queer, tent-like hut in a vacant lot where workmen are just beginning house-building operations. A New England lad, playing at being a red Indian in his father's back yard, would disdain such a wigwam. It is made of pieces of half rotten board, some refuse, tin roofing, and a decayed straw mat. Its capacity is about that of four persons, packed close. This is the home of Jose and Simona, an industrious married pair, who have in family a grown up daughter and her husband, the latter working away from the home and coming there only to sleep, as Simona says, and then I wonder how they can find room to sleep in that tiny hut. Simona and her married daughter make tortillas, which the latter peddles on the streets of the poorer sections of the town. This daughter has two little children, one a bright-looking lad of three, whose brown skin shows through his ragged cotton shirt, and the other a tiny girl of two, who is clad in a bit of an old cotton rebozo of the mother's. The work which Jose has is precarious. In a neighboring street the residents hire him to sweep and water the pavement in front of their doors, and he sometimes earns three reales a day, or thirty-seven and a half cents, equal to about thirty cents American money. The daily food of this family, when Jose is working regularly, consists of frijoles, tortillas and chile. When Jose is out of work, the women must earn enough to support the family, and Simona assures us that there is then "mu poco," which could be translated "mighty little." Industrious woman! A day of steady toil does not bring her a profit of over twelve and a half cents. House rent they cannot pay, so they have to squat in vacant lots. They have no hope in life, and consequently no ambition.

Sad is the death of the little children of the city poor. A tiny coffin is hired, a few flowers brought, and the little funeral procession may consist only of the father carrying his dead baby on his head, the mother coming behind, and perhaps a brother of the dead baby. Often the women do not go out to the burying place, but only the men of the family. One day, in the great plaza, amid the din of holiday music and the life and animation of a crowded public place, I saw a poor woman, a widow, buying flowers to put on her dead child's coffin, which she, alone, was to take on her head to the graveyard. It was a pathetic picture, not to be forgotten.

Above the grade of the Indians and the squatters on the vacant lots are the poor mechanics, the worst-paid people of the class I have ever seen. I know good compositors who earn twenty cents a day, or forty cents American money. I have seen a very fair carpenter, who did a neat job, who told me he got but fifty cents a day. And so it

goes. And these people have no idea of labor unions, of strikes, or of doing any better in the world. That is perhaps the most hopeless aspect of the case. Discontent is a spur, and may lead to workmen getting a fairer share of what they create by their toil. But no Boston man can who should see these people I have described could consider himself anything less than a pampered son of nineteenth century civilization.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A Great Mistake.

Sifting the flour and baking-powder together, as most recipes prescribe, is a great mistake. Baking powder should never be added until everything else is in the dish and the mass thoroughly beaten. The reason will be appreciated by every thoughtful person. The moment the milk or other liquid comes in contact with the powder effervescence begins and by the time the dough is ready for the oven it has entirely ceased and the mass is likely to be as "dull, stale, and profitless" as a glass of second-hand soda water. If all the other ingredients are well beaten, the powder added at the last moment, and the cake put into the oven as hurriedly as possible, the process of effervescence will be assisted by the heat and the dough will rise in a light, spongy mass. This is the secret of the extra-fine cake and biscuit that many non-professional housekeepers boast of.

Care of the Hands.

In cool weather comes the liability to chapped hands, and the discomfort of these is more trying than their unsightliness. With care the hands may be kept smooth even by those who handle the di-cloth. For cleansing the hands use oatmeal instead of soap, or a little ammonia or borax in the water they are washed in. Be careful to dry them thoroughly every time they are washed, and then to apply a little vaseline or cold cream, wiping the hands after the application. Oxalic acid, in a weak solution, will remove stains, or what is better, a bit of lemon, for oxalic acid is poison and must not be permitted to touch an abraded part of the skin. At night rub oatmeal over the hands and wear a pair of kid gloves, size or two large. This is especially for those who, after their housework is done, sit down at the piano, or occupy themselves with fine sewing or silk embroidery.

Four Soups.

Helen Campbell says in the *Omaha Bell*: Here are four rules for four soups, each one flavorful, nourishing, satisfactory, yet not an ounce of meat required in either.

They have been made for years, are instantly adopted when once tested, and yet, somehow, though they have been included in cook books and been taught in cooking schools, they are still unknown to the average house-keeper.

TOMATO SOUP.—One quart can, or twelve fresh tomatoes; two small onions; one small carrot; half a small turnip; some sprigs of parsley; one clove; one quart of boiling water; all cut fine and boiled one hour. As the water boils away add more, so that the quantity may remain the same. Put through a sieve; return to fire and season with one even tablespoonful each of salt and sugar and a saltspoonful of pepper. Cream a tablespoonful of butter with two of flour, adding hot soup until it pours easily. Pour into the soup; boil five minutes and serve with toasted crackers or dice of fried bread.

SAFON SOUP, OR PURÉE OF SALMON.—One small can, or a pound of salmon, freed from all skin, bones, etc. One quart of milk; one teaspoonful of butter and two of flour; one teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Put over the milk in a double boiler, and when it boils add seasoning and the butter and flour, which have been creamed together and thinned by a half cup of boiling water. Run through a sieve with potato masher, return to fire for a minute and serve very hot. A small portion of the salmon will remain in the sieve, and makes a nice breakfast dish by adding an equal amount of mashed potato, or of cracker or bread crumbs, making in small cakes and frying brown. Moisten them in mixing with a little of the soup.

POTATO SOUP.—Six large or ten medium size potatoes; one quart of milk; half an onion minced; one stalk of celery or a teaspoonful of celery salt; one tablespoonful of flour; one teaspoonful of salt; one saltspoonful of pepper; one tablespoonful of butter. Wash and peel potatoes, let them lie in water half an hour or so, and then boil till soft. In the meantime boil the milk in a double boiler with the onion and seasoning. Mash the potatoes after the water has been drained off and add to the milk. Put through a sieve and return to saucepan. Melt the tablespoonful of butter, and when it bubbles add the flour; stir a moment and pour into the soup hot. Should the soup seem too thick, add a cup of hot milk or water. This may be varied by using a tablespoonful of chopped parsley instead of celery, etc. This method is applicable, of course, to any soup in comparatively small quantities or sizes.

BRAN SOUP.—One quart of any kind of dried beans soaked over night, three quarts of cold water, three onions, one large spoonful of butter or beef drippings, half a carrot, one tablespoonful of salt, quarter of a saltspoonful of red pepper, a stalk of celery or a saltspoonful of celery salt. Cut up the onions and brown them in the butter or drippings; then put all ingredients over the fire together and boil very slowly five or six hours. Run all through a coarse sieve; return to fire, and if there is any separation of the bean from the liquid add one tablespoonful of corn-starch or flour dissolved in a little water and boil for a minute. A clove or two is often boiled with the beans, and a cup of milk or cream enriches the soup. A can of tomato added makes another change, and a little pork can always be used if desired, while the remains of baked beans make an excellent soup.

Charleston papers suggest the cultivation of jute in South Carolina, as it can be raised there as easily and profitably as in Louisiana, where it yields a net profit of \$20 an acre. The beautiful fibre from this plant is now largely used in the manufacture of the finest fabrics. There are over 500 factories in Europe using it for fabrics of all sorts, from coarse sail-cloth to the finest laces.

DETECTIVES AND CLERKS.

HOW THE FORMER ARE EMPLOYED TO WATCH THE LATTER.

SECRET INQUIRIES INTO THE LIVES OF EMPLOYEES—MERCHANTS GUARDING AGAINST EMBEZZLEMENT.

A certain Brooklyn merchant was holding forth at his club the other evening on the trouble he had had at one time and another in his career with his employees.

"There is no doubt about this," he said at last, "that, in spite of all the defalcations and embezzlements and running away to Canada that we have heard so much about lately, the general moral character of our clerks has wonderfully improved during the past few years. There are fewer fast men and more reliable citizens among them now than at any time for twenty years. Unfortunately, that isn't any particular ground for thinking the world has grown materially better during that time. It is simply another case where the methods of civilization are getting ahead of man's weakness toward vice, just as steamships have eradicated piracy, railroads have done away with highway robbery, and electricity has discouraged murder. In this way detective work has encouraged honesty among store employees. I don't mean so much in watching them while they're in our employ as in finding out all there is about them before we hire them and maintaining a strict standard of behavior after we get them. There are a score of the biggest houses in Brooklyn whose managers do just as I do in this matter. We won't hire a young man for a responsible place in our store—unless we are personally and very well acquainted with him and his antecedents—for whom a firm of private detectives whom we employ for the purpose do not show a very clean record as the result of their investigations. They are instructed to make the strictest search into the candidate's habits and one little flaw will ruin him.

"Not long ago I wanted an assistant cashier. I was deluged with applications, but I determined to be very sure before I made a selection. I was particularly struck with the claims of one young man who came from a respectable family living up on the Hill. He brought unimpeachable references from former employers, from the pastor of the church which he attended and from various other sources of respectability. He was bright, clear headed, polite and very promising. My partner was in favor of hiring him on the spot. I thought it best, however, to wait for the detectives' report, as a matter of principle. After a week's investigation they said that the young man bore a very fine reputation among those who knew him, that he was a great social favorite and engaged to be married into a family of some distinction; but that he occasionally drank and on the sly visited a certain gambling room. I was loth to believe such a report about so promising a young man, but the detectives put such evidence in my hands that I was compelled to believe them. Of course, that settled it, so far as my store was concerned. I would not have a man in my employ who drank and certainly not one who gambled. To do these things openly was bad enough, but to do them so as to utterly deceive friends and family was a clear indication of character not to be neglected by any one. I secured another cashier and dismissed the matter from my mind. A few days afterward the last employer of the young man called upon me to inquire why one so highly recommended should be rejected. I showed him the detectives' report and he was indignant at its charges. Something that was said, however, must have set him to thinking, for when he went away he hired an expert to examine his books and found that the exemplar young man whom he had recommended so highly had swindled him out of \$1,200. He would have made a promising kind of cashier, wouldn't he?

"Of course, after we have got honest men we can't always keep them, so because good men will fall from grace now and then, so we keep up a much closer surveillance upon them than they have any idea of. It is pretty safe to say that if any young man employed in a responsible position in any of our stores is gambling or drinking he is doing it with his employer's knowledge, although he may feel pretty sure no one outside of his boon companions has any idea of it. There is a sort of organization among some of the houses, and if one hears that another's employee is going wrong it marks the fact known at headquarters. Merchants pay a great deal more attention to such evidence of their clerks' characters now than they used to. It is pretty sure that a young man that doesn't drink and who keeps out of the "tiger's" reach will not have much temptation to steal. I remember very well a dry goods dealer whose house is some distance up the street, who neglected such pointers to his loss. He had a confidential clerk whom he had trained up under his own eye and trusted implicitly. This young man began to travel pretty fast about two years ago, and it wasn't long before his dissipation became notorious among the trade. His employer received warning after warning, but he felt so sure of his man that he didn't care, he said, whether he was a little fast at night or not. About six months ago the confidential clerk disappeared, and when his employer looked up his books he found he had taken \$26,000 with him. He was caught at Detroit, brought back and is now in the penitentiary for five years.

"The discovery of irregularities in a clerk's private life doesn't always mean his discharge. My own practice always is to give him a chance, if there is any hope in him. I let him know that I am aware of his habits and tell him what I have known of young men who have gone to destruction by doing what he has been doing. Then I tell him I will give him another chance, and in the great majority of cases he braces up and behaves himself.

"It is this sort of business that keeps the private detective agencies alive, though very few people know it. If it were not for us they would starve to death. In some Western cities the merchants have formed a sort of co-operative detective agency very much like the mercantile agencies. They pay a certain monthly rate and get in return full intelligence about the habits of their employees. I am not sure but that is a very good plan and we may have to come to it here."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

M. Aime Gerard, after careful investigation, holds that the saccharine matter of the sugar beet is found exclusively in the parts above ground.

The British Association's committee to observe the migration of birds has learned that birds on their arrival at the British Isles, as a rule, avoid high cliffs, and prefer to enter river valleys, whence they spread gradually over the area embraced by the river tributaries.

The advisability of testing as foggy weather signals sudden flares—such as those of gunpowder—has been suggested to the British light-house authorities by Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Stokes, who think the flashes might attract attention where an equal fixed light might escape notice.

On the authority of Mr. W. T. Dyer, an English botanist, a remarkable tree of South America, a Rhopal, growing to a height of about twenty feet, is said to be absolutely indestructible by fire, thriving in districts which are burned over twice a year with the annihilation of every other form of vegetation.

Two patients were recently issued to Mr. Lucius J. Phelps on duplex telegraphy. Under these inventions it is claimed that the same wire used for telegraphing to or from trains may be worked "duplex," thereby enabling it to be used as an ordinary Morse wire between stations, and simultaneously used for telegraphing to and from moving trains.

The more numerous the vibrations are, the higher is the sound. The deepest tone that it is possible for us to hear has thirty-two vibrations per second. The highest and the shrillest has about 70,000. Man's voice can scarcely go below a sound that gives 154 vibrations per second, nor woman's voice higher than 2,088 vibrations per second. Children go much higher than that in the shrill cries they sometimes utter.

According to Professor Heim, of Zurich, there are 1,155 glaciers in the Alps, of which 249 are more than 7,500 meters in length. The glaciators are distributed as follows: In Switzerland, 471; in Austria, 462; in France, 144; and in Italy, 78. The largest glacier is the Aletsch, which stretches over 24 kilometers. The total surface of the glaciers is estimated at 4,000 kilometers, of which the glaciers in Switzerland alone furnish 1,340 square kilometers.

New houses are liable to be damp from the evaporation from the plaster and mortar, which contains a large amount of water. A Spanish proverb says of new houses: "The first year for your enemies the second year for your friends, and the third you may live there yourselves." This tells the whole story. Again, cellar air is apt to be unwholesome, and this is another reason why basement rooms are bad. It is very unwise to keep vegetables in cellars until they decay.

Mr. E. W. Bucke has determined by soundings the depth of the tubes of several geysers of the Rotoru district, New Zealand. The author was satisfied, from his intercourse with the natives of the district, that by constant observations on the direction of the wind and the condition of the atmosphere, they had learned to prognosticate the movements in all these hot springs with wonderful accuracy. He had also observed during his residence that the geysers were in eruption only when the wind blew from a particular quarter.

By a new process of toughening wood it is claimed that the effect produced upon white wood is such that a cold chisel is required in order to split it, this result being accomplished by a special method of steaming the timber and submitting it to end pressure. By this means the cells and fibres are compressed into one compact mass, and it is stated by those who have experimented with the process that wood can be thus compressed to the extent of some seventy-five per cent, and that some of the timber commonly considered unfit for use in such work as carriage building, for example, can be made valuable by this means as a substitute for ash, hickory, etc. This method is applicable, of course, to any wood in comparatively small quantities or sizes.

A Real Cowboy.

Walking into a neat, little restaurant down on State street the other night, the *Chicago Mail's* "Club Man" was somewhat astonished to see about a dozen drizzled gamins sitting at a long table discussing an excellent supper, and at the head of the table sat a Western looking, happy fellow, with all the appearance of an ideal cowboy, except the sombrero, and that hung on a hook near by—a regular stunner, with width enough for a small umbrella, and a wealth of silver tinsel on it. Investigating, the "Club Man" discovered that the cowboy, who had come in with a train of cattle from Fetterman, Wyo., on the Chicago & Northwestern, a few days ago, had been paid off and was enjoying himself. The proprietor of the restaurant said he came in about half an hour before, followed by the troop of Arabs, and had negotiated for supper for his man that he didn't care, he said, whether he was a little fast at night or not.

About six months ago the confidential clerk disappeared, and when his employer looked up his books he found he had taken \$26,000 with him. He was caught at Detroit, brought back and is now in the penitentiary for five years. He was telling the boys big stories about the mountains, plains and sunshine of the West, of cattle drives and stampedes, and the boys were listening and eating with an earnestness which was refreshing. Their host didn't seem to pay special attention to any one in the room except his guests, and presided at the banquet with as much dignity and self-possession as if he were the major-domo of a palace. Among the things he mentioned was the fact that last summer, a year ago, he had become acquainted in Wyoming with a great painter, who was also a poet, and who had been out there to make sketches for a big Western picture he was going to paint. Then, in a quiet and quaint way, he recited to the boys a cowboy poem which the poet-painter had written, and which had this refrain:

"With his slouch sombrero
And brown chaps
And clicking spurs.
Like a centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds.
And he laughs, Hal! hal! Who cares? Who cares?"

Ohio has 100 gun clubs within its borders.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

ONYX and pearl jewelry is once more fashionable.

Some of the newest fur boas taper from the middle to the ends.

Mendelssohn's sister wrote several of his songs without words.

The Women's Club of Milwaukee have raised \$25,000 toward building a clubhouse.

Queen Victoria is the oldest reigning sovereign in Europe excepting Emperor William.

Plush and velvet, with dots of contrasting color, are much used for millinery purposes.

One of the fancies of Queen Margherita of Italy is a strong preference for women physicians.

Mrs. Horace Helyar, the wife of the British Secretary of Legation in Washington, is a famous beauty.

Women have been elected on the school boards of Springfield, Brockton, Malden, and New Bedford, Mass.

Short mantles with the back of jet are very stylish. Passementerie and fur make the trimming of these garments.

Builders, Attention!

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Come and see us and we will convince you.

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MR. TUPPER ALWAYS HAS A CORDIAL WELCOME FOR THEM; AND A VISIT TO THE STUDIO WILL PAY YOU.

N. B. No Stairs to Climb.

What gross injustice is liable to be done when Judge Lynch holds court is shown in a negative way by the result of a trial at Machias, Me. It will be remembered that at the time of the brutal murdering of the moose warden in Washington county a few weeks ago, suspicion pointed so strongly to one McFarland that he would certainly have been swung up to the nearest tree had the searching party found him. After the excitement had subsided he was regularly indicted and after a full and fair trial, has been acquitted. Quite likely some of the jurymen who voted to acquit him would have been among the first to hang him before bearing the evidence. Our judicial system is not perfect, but take it all in all, it should be preferred to lynch law every time.—*Globe*.

The Boston Journal says that the Administration is abandoning its pretensions of reform, and is showing its hand clearly in partisan removals and appointment. The announcement is frankly made that all the Republican internal revenue agents are to go and their places are to be filled by Democrats. They are to be decapitated in batches of three, and the victims for next month are already selected. The three whose resignations were lately called for were expressly told that there was no reflection intended upon their efficiency or integrity, but that their places were wanted by Democrats. If this sort of thing is to be done it is well to have an end made of the sickening and hypocritical business of trumping up charges as pretenses for removal.

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THE PANSY.

Prospectus for 1887.

This illustrated monthly contains thirty two to forty pages each number of enjoyable and well-illustrated articles, pictures, etc., selected by noted writers and workers. The editor, "Pansy," will furnish a new serial to run through the year entitled MONTAGUE. The Golden Text Stories will be continued. Margaret Sidney will contribute a serial. There will be more "Great Men" and more "Remarkable Women." Fay Huntington will furnish stories of Great Events, People, Discoveries, Inventions, etc. A novel feature will be a story by eleven different authors. R. M. Alden will direct a new department of Church, Sabbath School and Missionary News. The present departments will continue and new ones be opened.

Only \$1.00 a year.

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A BOOK OF TRAVELS

WRITTEN BY A MAN WHO HAD NEVER BEEN ABROAD.

Delightfully Realistic Descriptions of Places He Had Never Seen—Lost in Liverpool After Telling People All About It—Social Success.

The author of one of the most interesting books of European travel ever written is a gentleman who was never outside of New York city until after his book was published. After its publication the author paid himself the compliment of reading it, and it so interested him that he thought he would like to go to Europe. The work was in its eleventh edition and had made a great popular hit when the author bought a ticket on the White Star line and embarked for foreign lands. His ocean voyage and arrival in the old world were delightful, for he was a traveler who had never seen anything and to whom everything had the charm of novelty. After spending a year in looking upon things that he had described, this happy traveler, who wrote his impressions first and saw his sights afterward, embarked for home, and arrived in New York the other day on the steamship Adriatic.

He sat last night in a cozy up-town hotel by a crackling fire and chatted with a friend. After lighting a fresh cigar he said: "Yes, that book was a fake from beginning to end."

"How did you come to write it first and do your traveling afterward?"

"Well, one summer day, four years ago, when I was hard pressed and hadn't done anything for a week but a pun and a scurvy set of moral verses, for which I got \$1.50, though the moral alone was worth \$2, an out-of-town publisher came to me and asked me to write a book on foreign travel. I told him I had never traveled ~~100~~ miles in my life. He said it didn't make any difference, as it was not necessary to travel to write a book. He asked me not to feel diffident, and said that he had never traveled himself. 'Well,' said I, 'if you've never been away from home, the book may be ridiculous.' 'No,' he replied, 'they will look upon it as a new view of Europe.' The publisher then told me that he had a proof reader who had been a tramp in Europe, and who would correct any glaring mistakes I might make. We struck a bargain. I got all the money I could in advance and went to work."

"How could you describe what you had not seen?"

"I will tell you. I got no end of encyclopedias and guide books and photographs. I read seven or eight hours a day and made copious notes. I saw Europe through the eyes of fifty people. I collected a lot of petty facts of no interest to give realism to the work. Then I mapped out the book in a mathematical way and decided how much I would give to each part of my subject. Then I settled myself at a desk in my garret and went to writing. One of the difficulties was to get in rapport with my scheme. I wrote up Venice after a day's fishing on Sheephead bay. I spent two days in the Catskills before writing up the Alps. I wrote the chapter on an hour in the sultan's seraglio smoking an old corn cob pipe in my garret and carrying on an innocent flirtation with a red headed girl in a tenement window opposite. When I wanted to write up the lazzaroni of Naples I went into Mulberry street and studied the Italians in the alleys and courts there. I went up to Jones' Wood and Wendell park to prepare to write up the beer gardens of Vienna and their German holiday makers. Before writing of the Malay sailors on the ships at London I visited the Malay colony in New York. Before I got through my book I discovered that New York was an epitome of Europe, and that I only had to take a street car to visit the nations of the earth."

The book was a long and weary job, but at last I got through with it and sent it to the publisher. The proofreader took hold of it then. I believe that he had slept in every hedge and been in every jail and visited every interesting place in Europe. He made so many valuable corrections that four or five chapters of the book had to be rewritten. The book was rushed through the press, liberally advertised and put on the market three years ago. I had 'worked' the publisher for all he was worth while I was sending in the manuscript and was considerably ahead of him, and so that was the last I ever expected to hear of my astonishing travels. The book was favorably reviewed by the press, which said it was the work of an original observer, and that some of the descriptive passages were fine bits of realistic writing.

The first edition brought me a dress coat and one of those coffin shirt fronts. I found paragraphs in the newspapers speaking of me as the "celebrated tramp." I began to think that I was no longer a buck writer, but a man of letters, and when I received an invitation to a fashionable reception in Fifth avenue I got myself up regardless of expense, and concluded that I must be a literary artist. I found that my hosts were lion hunters, who had picked on me as a great traveler, not as a writer, and wanted to parade me as an evidence of their social success. I had never been in society, and no one knew anything about me; so no one could say I had never been to Europe. I thought I would carry out the farce. So I went to a score of teas and kettledrums that winter, where I was always meeting people who had been to Europe fifteen or sixteen times, and was even in danger of exposing my ignorance. To avoid such a catastrophe I read up pety, out of the way places, barren of interest, where nobody had ever been, and when I got to a party and was pushed to the wall for an account of my travels, I would describe some by-path of Europe that no one had ever traversed, or some insignificant village that no traveler had ever seen.

I found that this expedient, which I resorted to out of sheer desperation, greatly increased my reputation. The people said that I was as familiar with the remotest nooks and corners of Europe as ordinary travelers were with the most familiar places, like London and Paris. So the book of European travel went along boomerang, and had soon covered eight editions.

"One day, two years after it was written, and when I had quite forgotten it, I picked up a book in a friend's office and read it to kill time while I was waiting. It was a work describing travels in Europe, and I became very much fascinated by it. It interested me so much that I forgot that I wrote it, and soon had great faith in it, and resolved to go to Europe and see the sights I had described with my own eyes. The next week I was on board a steamer—the Adriatic—the same one, by the way, on which I have just returned."

"I hadn't been in Liverpool an hour before I was lost. One afternoon in London I found a tourist with my book in his

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"The Ideal Magazine"

for 1886-87.

St. Nicholas by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank B. Stockton, several by each author.

W. H. Burnett, whose "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of St. Nicholas.

War Stories for Boys and Girls, Gen. Baden-Powell, chief of staff, Biographies, and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular living military writers, will contribute a number of interesting articles in each number.

Will be the panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy or girl of to day took part.

The serial stories include "Juan and Juanita,"

by Frank & Courtney Bay, author of "On Both Sides"; also, "Jenny's Boarding House," by James Otis, a story of life in a great city.

Short articles, instructive and entertaining.

Among these are: "How a Great Pan-

oma is Made," by Charles R. Davis, with

profuse illustrations; "Lining Cornices," (from "Architect,") and "Recollections of the Naval Academy," "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas-wells," with a number of striking pictures.

The sub-cription price of St. Nicholas is \$3.00

a year, 25 cents a number. Subscriptions are received by booksellers and newsdealers, every number by the publishers. New volume begins with the November number. Send for our beautifully illustrated catalogue (free) containing full prospectus, etc., etc.

THE CENTURY CO., New York.

Boston Post.

The Boston Post, which has passed into new ownership, has been changed into an eight-page quarto form and the establishment thoroughly equipped with new presses, new type and the latest improved outfit. Its editorial conduct is in the hands of Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, widely known for journalistic ability. Its editorial and news staff has been reorganized and strengthened by some of the best material in the profession.

The paper will aim to be the best newspaper in New England, with prompt and fearless comment upon matters political, literary, commercial, financial and social, and to present in the most compact and best edited form the news of the day received by cable and telegraph and gathered by its capable correspondents and reporters. Its departments, already noted for their completeness, will be yet largely extended and strengthened. Its dramatic, musical, book and general literary criticisms are from the pens of writers known and recognized as of mature judgment and brilliant style. Its column of "Taverner," which has provoked much inquiry and speculation for many years, will be continued with its wealth of reminiscences, its mellow and keen comment upon Boston life and manners of to-day, traditions and tendencies. Its marine reports, comprising the most comprehensive and compact summary of the movements of shipping published, are rendered exceptionally valuable by the new feature which the Post has introduced into Boston daily journalism, consisting of a semi-weekly list of vessels in port. Its financial reports are trustworthy and informing. All regular news relating to moneyed and corporate interests may be found regularly in the columns of the Boston Post.

As a thorough newspaper, prompt, trustworthy and clean, as a commercial review for the counting-room, as a literary budget for the library, as a political record for the citizen, the Post for 1887 will be without an equal. As a medium for advertising, and an avenue for reaching the most important and largest sections of our community, the Post offers advantages of great value. A rapid growth in circulation has followed its improvement in form.

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Address all communications relating to subscriptions or business to the Post Publishing Co., 15 Milk street, Boston.

THE CENTURY

For 1886-87.

The Century is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical

time, from the earliest days to the present.

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN,

By his confidential secretaries, John G. Nicolay and Col. John Hay.

This great work, begun with the sanction of the author, and continued under the direction of the son, Robert T. Lincoln, is the only full and authoritative record of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Its authors were friends of Lincoln before his presidency; they were intimately associated with him as private secretaries throughout his term of office, and to them were transferred upon Lincoln's death his private papers.

It is the story of the war and of President Lincoln's administration—important details of which have hitherto remained unrevealed, that they might first appear in this authentic history. By reason of the publication of this work,

THE WAR SERIES,

which have been followed with unflagging interest by the great audience of the nation, will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea by Generals Howard and Sheum; Generals Q. M. Gilmore and John S. Mosby with descriptions of naval battles and incidents; stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundred Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Man in the Moon" and "The Cabin-Door," by Mary Hallock Foote, "Uncle Remus," "Julian Hawthorne," Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Ten Years in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful

A QUIET STREAM.

A quiet stream
Flowed through a level meadow—all day long.
Its voice was heard in murmurous melody,
That half a whisper seemed, and half a song—
Yet no one paused to hear its harmony,
Or marked the brightness of its sunny gleam.
But where its course
Was half arrested by the rugged stone
It swelled and bubbled till with new-born power
It leaped the barrier, all its weakness gone—
Its spray ascending in a silvery shower,
Its onward way pursued with added force.

Its beauty then
The artist praised, the poet sang, until
Came many to admire the pretty scene,
Half marveling at the strength of such a hill—
A silver ribbon parting banks of green,
Twist as an arrow, deeper than their ken.

So we in life,
Unconscious of our strength may pass along,
Our silent efforts vain—our labor lost—
Content to rest unnoticed by the throng,
Whose paths in life our daily course have crossed,

Till trouble comes to rouse us into strife,
Then we pass
Through labor, power—from pain and weariness.

We learn the lesson that will make us strong,
Endow us with capacity to bless—
The world will listen to the stirring song,
Born with a soul replete with earnestness!

—Frances Lee Robinson, in *Birouac*.

THE LITTLE SPY.

By FRANK H. STAUFFER.

"Corporal, you trained as a detective, did you not?"

Colonel Cardonne was steadfastly regarding me with his keen, gray eyes.

"And acquired quite a reputation," I replied, with the customary salute. "It wasn't a local one, either," I added, with pardonable pride.

"Then you are the man I want," the Colonel rejoined, a grave look filling his face. "There is a spy in our midst and I expect you to arrest him."

Our armies were investing Vicksburg. The battle of Champion Hill had been fought, which placed us between the armies of Johnston and Pemberton without a possibility of their effecting a junction.

The Colonel told me why his suspicions had been aroused, and gave me a few clues, not about the culprit, but about his methods. He was communicating with the enemy by means of the Yazoo River or Chickasaw Bayou.

Within three days I captured the culprit, a boyish-looking fellow connected with the quartermaster's department.

He offered no protest, he made no demands; he was either a brave young fellow or else was supremely indifferent about results.

I took him before the Colonel, and when his eyes rested upon that officer I saw his face reddened with surprise and confusion. He was smoothly shaven and that made the rush of blood more preceptible.

I related the circumstances of his arrest and his conduct under it, and presented certain papers which I found upon his person. The Colonel and two members of his staff who were present at once decided that he was guilty.

"I see the name John Davis here. Is that your name?" demanded the Colonel.

"It is not," replied the spy. "How-ever, I have been known by that name."

"What is your real name?" asked the Colonel.

"Delos Demarra" was the prompt, fearless reply, without a suspicion of evasion about it.

It was an odd name, but pleasing in sound, for he had pronounced it with rare distinctness.

Happening to look at the Colonel just then I noticed a change in his usually stolid face; it lasted scarcely a second, and yet I plainly saw it. I could not help but connect it with the flush that passed over the face of the spy.

I was confident, too, that the effect produced by the announcement of the name had not escaped the observation of the young man. Something like a smile stirred his lips, and there was a suggestion of reserved strength in it.

After a consultation between the Colonel and his staff, I was ordered to take the prisoner to the guard-house.

That night, while in my tent, I became aware of the presence of an intruder. I was instantly on the alert, but instead of springing up, I remained quiet, and a minute later heard him step out into the moonlight. I walked noiselessly toward the door and saw Colonel Cardonne pass out of sight. There was no mistaking his commanding figure and erect bearing.

"What did he want in my tent?" I thought.

Then it came to me like a flash. Stepping to the place where I kept the keys to the guard-house I found that they were gone. My curiosity did not abate.

"I am not responsible for what the Colonel may do," I muttered to myself.

I crept into my bunk and soon fell asleep. In the morning I found the keys in their place. I had not heard the Colonel return them, and almost felt like looking upon the affair as a dream.

A little latter and it was known all over the camp that the spy had effected his escape. Of course the Colonel investigated the matter with a show of thoroughness, but without result, and by and by the case was forgotten.

One day, just as our brigade was about to go into action, I said:

"Colonel, a word with you, please."

He stopped and paid me respectful attention. He was a soldier in every sense of the word, but without arrogance.

"You did not call me to the witness-stand in that investigation," I said.

"What investigation?" he asked.

"In connection with the escape of the spy," I reminded.

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "I did not know you had anything to tell."

"Ah, Colonel, I had a great deal to tell," I said. "I wasn't going to push myself forward. I held back for your sake. Colonel Cardonne, I saw you come into my tent and take the keys."

He was a little startled.

"Is that so?" he asked, in a queer tone.

"Yes," I replied. "I shall never betray your secret, Colonel, but I am everlastingly curious to know what it all meant."

"Well, Corporal, so would I be," he said with a short laugh. "You have been very frank and very discreet, and I'll tell you all about it after the battle."

It was the 17th of May, and the battle which ensued was the battle of the Black River Bridge. The Colonel was wounded and was sent to the hospital.

In an engagement which occurred three months later, I was wounded, taken prisoner, and conveyed to a Confederate hospital.

There were several female nurses, one of whom was especially kind to me. She was clad in sombre hues, but they did not detract from her loveliness. Her very presence did me good.

As I was unable to speak, my most trouble-some wound being in my cheek, I found my gratification in simply watching her. I fell desperately in love with her, which was not an inexplicable occurrence to me, and possibly not to her, for she was conscious of her charms.

One morning I heard cannonading and noticed that it became suggestively distinct. The tide of war was surging that way and a tangible evidence of it came in the form of a shell which crashed through the roof of the hospital.

The fuse was still burning, and to my intense surprise and admiration my hand some nurse picked up the shell and flung it out of the window.

"We don't want the nasty thing in here—do we, boys?" she said.

A number of the wounded men clapped their hands in applause.

"You are a brave woman," I said.

"Why, Corporal," she exclaimed, coming to me, "those are the first words you have spoken since entering the hospital."

I was about to reply, but she cautioned me not to.

"Wait a few days," she said with one of her bewildering little smiles.

A week later I said to her:

"You called me Corporal."

"Yes," she replied; "your chevron designates your rank. You forget that."

"No, I don't. We have met before and you know it. For days I have been trying to conjecture. It isn't a fancy, I am sure."

"No, Corporal, it isn't," she said, with a repressed smile, a twinkle of mischief in her glorious brown eyes. "I am Delos Demarra. You once arrested me for a spy."

It dawned on me then, and I have no doubt my face expressed my surprise. I censured myself for not having at once recalled that sweet voice and smile and those calm, fearless brown eyes.

"I escaped, you remember," she reminded me, with a slight smile.

"Without a display either of nerve or sagacity on your part," I replied.

"Why do you say that?" she quickly asked, one dainty hand uplifted.

"Colonel Cardonne helped you," was my answer.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, riffs of red and white crossing her face. "He told you so?"

"He got the keys of the guard-house from me," I replied.

I did not add that he had obtained them by stealth. He looked at me steadfastly, almost confidently, I thought—with a longing for me to say more.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

In a few years his second wife died, and following her name and age is:

"I called upon the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me out of all my trouble."

that she had not forgotten my passionate declaration of love.

"General" I said, as we walked back to the hotel together, "you promised to explain this to me."

"Explain what?" asked he.

"Your previous acquaintance with the spy."

"Oh," he ejaculated. "Well, I believe I did promise. However, there isn't much in it. We were betrothed before the war, both being from the South. Then came the appeal to arms. I had been educated at West Point; I was a child of the state; I was in the regular army. I loved my country allegiance. My convictions of duty rose higher than my preferences; I espoused the Union cause. Delos, here, was a fiery little Southerner, and she broke the engagement. I loved my country more than she did. She was conscious of her charms.

As I was unable to speak, my most trouble-some wound being in my cheek, I found my gratification in simply watching her. I fell desperately in love with her, which was not an inexplicable occurrence to me, and possibly not to her, for she was conscious of her charms.

One morning I heard cannonading and noticed that it became suggestively distinct. The tide of war was surging that way and a tangible evidence of it came in the form of a shell which crashed through the roof of the hospital.

The fuse was still burning, and to my intense surprise and admiration my hand some nurse picked up the shell and flung it out of the window.

"We don't want the nasty thing in here—do we, boys?" she said.

A number of the wounded men clapped their hands in applause.

"You are a brave woman," I said.

"Why, Corporal," she exclaimed, coming to me, "those are the first words you have spoken since entering the hospital."

I was about to reply, but she cautioned me not to.

"Wait a few days," she said with one of her bewildering little smiles.

A week later I said to her:

"You called me Corporal."

"Yes," she replied; "your chevron designates your rank. You forget that."

"No, I don't. We have met before and you know it. For days I have been trying to conjecture. It isn't a fancy, I am sure."

"No, Corporal, it isn't," she said, with a repressed smile, a twinkle of mischief in her glorious brown eyes. "I am Delos Demarra. You once arrested me for a spy."

It dawned on me then, and I have no doubt my face expressed my surprise. I censured myself for not having at once recalled that sweet voice and smile and those calm, fearless brown eyes.

"I escaped, you remember," she reminded me, with a slight smile.

"Without a display either of nerve or sagacity on your part," I replied.

"Why do you say that?" she quickly asked, one dainty hand uplifted.

"Colonel Cardonne helped you," was my answer.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, riffs of red and white crossing her face. "He told you so?"

"He got the keys of the guard-house from me," I replied.

I did not add that he had obtained them by stealth. He looked at me steadfastly, almost confidently, I thought—with a longing for me to say more.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

In a few years his second wife died, and following her name and age is:

"I called upon the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me out of all my trouble."

Little Bertie Miller, three years old, has long had a deep yearning to know what was inside the head of his sister's big doll. So, the other day, he found a tack hammer and, by the aid of that simple instrument, satisfied his curiosity.

"Oh, Bertie, cried his mother, as the smash of china brought her to the scene of the experiment; "how could you do it?" How could you do it, Bertie?"

"Easy," replied Bertie, with a bland and self-satisfied smile.

Like most children Bertie is full of policy and whenever he has reason to think that he is about to be scolded or punished, he practices his most winning wiles to divert the attention or secure the favor of his mother. Not long ago the latter reproved him for pinching his little son and said: "Now, I'm going to pinch you so you can see how it feels."

"Oh, mamma, cried Bertie, smoothing her cheeks affectionately, "What pitty feckles you have. Your feckles ain't back like most people's is."

But he got pinched all the same.

On another occasion, while the family doctor was making a visit in the house, Bertie stood at the window gazing fixedly at his horse, a very lean and sorry-looking animal.

"What are you thinking of, Bertie?" asked the doctor.

"I tink your horse have such fat bones," he replied. "Dey so fat dey just tick out."—Detroit Free Press.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

India rubber was brought to Europe from South America in 1730.

William Gea of Edinburgh first practiced the art of printing from stereotyped plates.

There is a "whistling well" on a farm in Clare County, Mich. It is 130 feet deep and whistles loudest just before a storm.

A check for one cent was drawn in New York by the government in favor of an importer who had paid excess of duty to that extent.

A boat containing fourteen persons has been successfully worked on the Seine with artificial wings acting on the air and propelled by a rotating wheel.

Birds of prey fly so swiftly and for such a length of time that a falcon once lost in the forest of Fontainebleau, in the centre of France, was found the following day at Malta, more than a thousand miles distant.

The "black stone of Mecca" is a colored stone contained in a small oratory of the Temple of Caaba at Mecca, Arabia. It is held in the utmost veneration by the Mohammedans as having been given by an angel to Abraham.

Canton, China, produces more than nine-tenths of all the fire-arms used in the world. The principal manufacturers contract with the Chinese government for the services of convicts, paying at the rate of three cents a day for each convict. All the work is done inside the prisons.

In 1750 the pious people of New England were much alarmed by several young Americans getting up a theatrical representation of "Cotswold's Orphan." Some years later a company of actors from London played in New York and Philadelphia. They were excluded from Massachusetts by law.

The Hancock House was a famous old mansion which stood until within a few years in Boston. It was erected in 1737, and was the residence of Governor John Hancock (1781-1799). The Governors of Massachusetts with the Council were for a long period of years in the habit of dining in this mansion annually on Election Day. It was taken down in 1863.

In their search for the philosopher's stone, the old alchemists left untried no mixture of familiar or unfamiliar ingredients. An ancient work, entitled: "The Gold-Maker's Guide," furnished this promising formula: "Take of the gall of a black tom cat, killed when the night approacheth, one part; of the brains of a night owl, taken from out its head when the morning dawmeth, five parts; mix in the hoof of an ass when the tide turneth; leave it till it doth breed maggots; place it on thy breast bone when the moon shineth bright—and thou wilt see a sight which the eye of mortal man never beheld before."

Precious Bertie.

Little Bertie Miller, three years old, has long had a deep yearning to know what was inside the head of his sister's big doll. So, the other day, he found a tack hammer and, by the aid of that simple instrument, satisfied his curiosity.

"Oh, Bertie, cried his mother, as the smash of china brought her to the scene of the experiment; "how could you do it?" How could you do it, Bertie?"

A "PHONE" EXCHANGE.

TRCULLES AND ANNOYANCES TO WHICH THE GIRLS ARE SUBJECT.

Young Women of Good Physique Less Likely to Get Confused While at Work. Business Methods in a Vocal Seminarium.

I visited the telephone exchange for the first time to-day. I beheld, as the door was opened, twenty comely young women sitting in a long row in easy arm chairs, before tables, with endless apparatus before them. That was the first fact that I grasped. The next one was that these girls were not shouting at all. There was a low, indistinct murmur, and that was all. As I approached nearer I could hear, in tones not much above a whisper, the ever-memorable "Hello! hello!" "No, 48," "Hello! hello!" "Yes, sir!" "Good-bye!" but one clear voice, in a good speaking tone, might have been heard plainly across that whole room above all the business of making the connections for over two thousand people.

THE GIRLS AT WORK.

Every girl had strapped upon her head, or at least held there by its own grip, an apparatus consisting of crossed steel bands, which held a small telephone receiver to her ear. Before her, dangling by a long wire in just such position as to hang exactly in front of her mouth, was the transmitter. Each girl leaned back in a comfortable attitude, and seemed entirely cool and unconcerned while both hands were occupied in inserting wires with metal plugs at their ends into certain holes before her and pulling them out again. There were rows upon rows of these little apertures, and every one of them represented somebody's telephone number. Each girl takes care of a limited number of calls, which are signaled to her by the dropping of a little metallic tablet with the number of the caller's instrument upon it, but she has within her reach, in those little apertures that I have mentioned, every one of the telephone numbers within the radius of the exchange.

"These seem to be young women of excellent physique," I said to the superintendent, Mr. Certy, as he invited me to a seat by his desk.

"We insist upon that," said he, "two have found that girls of good physique, healthy young women, are much less liable to irritation and impatience, much less likely to get rattled, than those who are a little weak or ill. It is not that the work wears upon them so that only women of unusual physique can stand it, but that we must have operators who are likely to keep their tempers and maintain coolness of demeanor. Does it daen them? I know of but one case of an operator's hearing being affected, and that might easily have been from some other cause. They do not seem to suffer much nervously, though there was one case of hysteria here last week."

CALL FOR A SUBSTITUTE.

"One of the girls—that one with the slender figure and dark hair, near the end of the line—got confused and rattled, as we call it, over a series of vexations, and asked to have a substitute placed in her chair. You see that we keep five substitutes in the room to relieve those who desire to be relieved at any time. Well, this young woman went into the girls' waiting room and had an attack of hysteria there. Not infrequently something occurs on the line—somebody gets impatient and loses his temper—which troubles the girls. They generally go into their room and have a good cry, and come back feeling better. They certainly seem to like the work, though the pay is only \$7 a week. The hours are not long; they sit all day, they are relieved when needful and the actual work seems to be agreeable to them."

There was a strumming sound under the superintendent's table. He held a telephone receiver to his ear and talked through a movable transmitter on the table. "Certainly," he said in a low tone, "I will relieve you." He summoned a young woman from the window and motioned to her to take the chair of one of the operators. He had been talking with one of the girls, not fifteen feet away over the telephone. She could have spoken to him through the air by turning her head, but it would have made a little noise and confusion in the room, and this modern tower of Babel, this vocal sensorium of a whole city, is as quiet as a public library reading room. The substitute girl took the other's place, two "calls" came tumbling down at the same instant, and somebody was undoubtedly vexed because he was not answered for an instant while she was masking the other connection. But it takes but an instant.

"We like to have people who have telephones come up here," said the superintendent. "It gives them an idea how the thing is done, and we notice that they seldom get impatient in the use of their telephones afterward." Certainly these girls were not trifling with their work. The superintendent by merely putting an instrument to his ear can hear every word that passes between any operator and the people with whom she talks, and that seems an almost unnecessary restraint.

Vexation makes the work harder for the operator, and she avoids it. Women are found to be better operators than men, though boys must be employed at night, and that is why the day service is better than that of the night.—Boston Post.

A Study in Shoes.

It is to be feared, on the whole, that the unfeeling people who say that Artie was spoilt and had no bringing up may not be far wrong. Nevertheless he had two aunts. For reasons of his own he called them respectively "Vevy" and "Pitty Baby."

Pitty Baby was a weak coxcomb, but Vevy was a great disciplinarian and a firm believer in the application of the slipper.

One morning in particular the Slipper Sonata was going on in her room, with a wild accompaniment of juvenile remonstrance very trying to the hearts of Pitty Baby and Bridget, outside the door with tears in their eyes and fingers in their ears.

Presently, when justice was satisfied, the dear little culprit was released, howling like a dervish, and, banging open the door, he burst upon the two outside.

"Ooh, darlin'," said Bridget, "what ever in this world did she do to you, siss?"

"She whipped me," roared Artie, "with Pitty Baby's red shoe, and it hurts worse than any shoe in this house!"—Boston Record.

It is estimated that over \$500,000 has been spent in unsuccessful attempts to establish newspapers in Portland, Ore., during the past twenty years.—Chicago Sun.

The great bulk of cheap pocket cutlery is punched in dies from sheet steel. Good cutlery is hand forged.

NINETY YEARS AGO.

A Daily Newspaper Which Began Work Nearly a Century Ago.

The Commercial Advertiser was born as a daily paper in the year 1797, and during the long interval since it has punctually appeared in the homes of its friends in the evening of every secular day. This must be consequently about the 270,000th number of the journal. Our contemporaries are all, with one exception, the merest babes in arms compared to us; but we put them on the back all the same, hoping they may be good boys and attain ultimately a venerable age like ours; while for the exception among them, our near neighbor, The Evening Post, we are glad to see how Hale and hearty looking it is at its time of life.

We began our work at the close of Washington's administration, and have had our say of all the fifteen administrations that have followed, praising some and condemning others. The federal government, when we first saw the light, was at Philadelphia, whither it took two days by coach to travel, and the state government, as now, at Albany, which we reached in a week through mud or dust on the banks of the Hudson. Fulton's first steamboat came only ten years afterward to navigate that noble stream at the stupendous rate of four miles an hour. The Erie canal, which put the city in connection with the great west somewhere near Buffalo, was still twenty years off; it was thirty years before the railroad appeared, and forty before the first ocean steamer. Each girl leaned back in a comfortable attitude, and seemed entirely cool and unconcerned while both hands were occupied in inserting wires with metal plugs at their ends into certain holes before her and pulling them out again. There were rows upon rows of these little apertures, and every one of them represented somebody's telephone number. Each girl takes care of a limited number of calls, which are signaled to her by the dropping of a little metallic tablet with the number of the caller's instrument upon it, but she has within her reach, in those little apertures that I have mentioned, every one of the telephone numbers within the radius of the exchange.

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Judge David Davis' Caution.

Among President Arthur's papers there is doubtless a note which he once received from David Davis which amused him very much. It was a brief and formal letter, but the peculiar thing about it was that Mr. Davis signed his name so close to the last line that nothing could have been written between the lines. Arthur thought it a very unconventional signature, especially as it was hasty and might be overlooked. But he learned that Judge Davis always signed his name thus, to prevent any one from filling in anything in the customary blank space. It appeared that when he was a judge in Illinois a suit was brought before him to test the validity of a note. The ostensible maker admitted that the signature was his, but swore he never made the note; and it was developed on trial that some rascal had taken advantage of a blank space between the termination of a letter and the signature to fill in a note of hand, which he got discounted. The judge, who was a very cautious man, took a hint from this, and ever afterward signed his own name so as to prevent such improper use of it.—New York Sun.

Superstition in Alaska.

Some curious superstitions are also to be noted. If a person is sick, iron tools, such as axes or knives cannot be used in the house. Upon a man's grave his sled is placed, but broken to pieces, and his kayak meets similar usage. Furs, spears and rifles are also deposited, while if the individual has killed many whales the long jaw bones of the balena are placed in an upright position to mark the spot. Those people bury their dead upon the ground, raising a number of pieces of driftwood in the shape of a tent over the remains. Owing to this insecure mode of burial the wood soon falls down and affords entrances to foxes and dogs, which make havoc with the body. But little regard is paid to the burial places, although these mutes are very much incensed whenever attempts are made to take away any skulls or bones from the graveyards. They also make a long detour in passing the resting place of the dead, and will on no account touch anything once deposited at a burial.—San Francisco Call.

Chicago Barber's Scheme.

In a dingy little basement on West Madison street works from early morn till late at night an honest barber. He shaves for ten cents, cuts hair for twenty, burns oil lamps for economy's sake, and is not getting rich. But he means to be rich some day, just the same. Who, on the sunny side of 40, does not, for that matter? But not every one has plans thereto so well defined as this honest barber in the dingy basement.

"I will be rich some day," he said to a customer, proudly, "and I don't mind telling you how I am going to get there. Just as soon as I can save enough money to mean to rent an entresol platform in the front of some State street store, place my chairs therein, and arrange mirrors in the back end of the ceiling, so that men may sit in my shop and gaze upon the passing throng without. Then I'll charge double prices for work, and live in a house on the avenue, an' ride to my shop in a kerridge. You hear me?"—Chicago Herald.

A Suggestion for the Ballet.

The ministers of Detroit collectively have denounced the ballet as immoral. While all people may not agree with the clergy in this case, we'd like to find some one who can gainsay Dr. Rexford's argument: "If boys, instead of girls, were employed for the dancing the ballet would cease in a single season. It is sustained by the sensuous element in human nature. If not, let the boys take the place of the girls with as much grace as they, and see how long it will survive.—New York Sun.

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She Scarcely Heard Him.

"Maggie's brother asked me to kiss him, mamma."

"Well, of course, I didn't hear him."

"Then how do you know he asked you?"

"Well, I didn't hear him on'y a little bit! I didn't hear 'im 'nuf to go to 'im, mamma!"—Boston Commonwealth.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

"Is life worth living in these pallid days, When all the earth is pulseless, thirsting gold? Why are we shrunken from that height of old, When men would die for glory's twining bays?"

So sang a maiden with a trumpet eye And lip that plucked a poem with each word, "What life is this we live and the unheard Beneath a silent and too sunny sky?"

"Were it not better to have lived in Greece, And heard Demosthenes strike Philip down With words that scared the lustre of his crown, And wrote red war across the brow of peace?"

"Were it not better to have lived in Rome When Cesar, with invincible blade, Carved out a path through every hill and glade, Until he made the frightened world his home?"

"Were it not better to have lived in Egypt, Before men fell upon such idle days, Egypt where the world had learned such coward ways? Is life worth living now?" she sadly cried.

"Truly I cannot tell thee that, my sweet; I said, "but here's an answer need for thee: Life then or now were worth the world to me, If I but lived it lying at thy feet."

—W. J. Henderson

Mortality Among Congressmen.

The mortality in the present congress alone, without counting others in prominent positions, has been frightful. Senator Logan makes the thirteenth member of the whole body and the third senator to die within a year. Members of the house are beginning to get a little frightened about the unsatisfactory condition of the beautiful chamber in which they sit, which a late report has emphasized. As the case was in the good old days, when architects built Greek temples for workshops without taking into consideration that the climate of modern America and ancient Greece were about as unlike as could be imagined, the Capitol was planned solely with a view to looks. The accoutrements are bad, except in the supreme court room, and as for the air in the house it is something fearful. It was supposed that large fans, pumping thousands of cubic feet of air in the hall would purify it, but the air is drawn from below and merely brings up all the damp and mold and sepulchral atmosphere of the crypt, where coal and wood and ashes and millions of pounds of old paper are stored. The blame for this state of affairs cannot be laid on the present architect, who has palliated as far as possible all that can be palliated in a radically wrong system. The building had to be lighted, heated and ventilated without the slightest real provision being made for any in the original plan.—New York Mail and Express

—Von Bulow's Joke.

On another occasion Von Bulow confessed to me that he wanted to make a joke. This time all was open and above board. He wished to do a service to his agent, one Wertheimer, and he thought he could best do it by writing and publishing a comic song. A comic song by the class Von Bulow would be sure to have an immense sale, and Wertheimer would reap a large profit from it. Words were wanted, and Von Bulow asked me to write him words or a few humorous stanzas, of which the burden or catch word was to be "A little more ginger!" then, I believe, a popular slang term. I wrote and delivered the words, and Von Bulow told me to call upon him the next day to hear the wedding of my words to music by him. I went, and after the composer had told me of his success in finding a tune he sat at the piano and played it. Never did I hear a more cramped, unmelodious and unsingable melody, and the piano forte accompaniment bristled with difficulties, requiring a skill no less than his own to play. I was amazed—speechless! "Well," he said, turning on the piano stool, "what do you think of it, poet?" I told him with the most perfect frankness that the voice part of his musical joke was unsingable and the piano part unplayable. "My dear fellow," he said, with something of pity in his tones, "that is the joke."—Boston Gazette

—C. A. BUTTERS & CO.,

april Main Street, Lexington.

Results of Local Reporter's Work IN LEXINGTON.

—Hon. Geo. D. Robinson, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, has opened a law office at Chicopee, Mass., taking into partnership his son, Walter S. Robinson.

—Prompt payment of subscriptions is requested. They may be forwarded us by mail and on receipt of same a receipt will be forwarded to the subscriber.

—The coming event will doubtless be a January thaw. Have you cleaned out the gutters of your houses? if you have not, beware of leaking walls.

—The gutters were cleared out on Monday afternoon by the town machine in anticipation of a thaw.

—Rev. Carlton A. Staples delivered a lecture in the church of the First Parish on Sunday evening. The subject of Mr. Staples' address was "St. Paul, his character and work."

—A party of gentlemen, members of the Lexington Knights of Honor lodge, participated in a sleigh ride to Waltham, on Saturday evening of last week, and visited their order in that city and witnessed the working of the order at the regular meeting of the Waltham Lodge.

Again we wish to call the attention of the public to our well selected stock of staple and fancy groceries. We spare no pains in the selection of our goods, and can warrant every article to be first class, and marked to sell at the lowest cash price. We have at all times a good supply of the finest fresh made creamery Butter, also a good stock of Crockery-ware, all kinds of Kennedy's Goods, Canned Goods, Grain of all kinds, and in fact everything that goes to make up a full assortment for a first class country store. Call and examine our prices and be convinced that we sell as low as the lowest.

—C. A. BUTTERS & CO.,

april Main Street, Lexington.

Expressing & Jobbing.

Prompt and Personal attention given to all work intrusted to us.

Order Boxes at Boston Branch Store, Depot and C. A. Butters' grocery.

Jan 30 F. G. FLETCHER.

Massachusetts House, LEXINGTON,

Makes a specialty during the season of entertaining social gatherings and

SLEIGHING PARTIES.

Loring W. Muzzey, Proprietor.

jan 30

WANTED!

That the people of Lexington and vicinity should know that

C. W. STANLEY

has a place of business in town and will promptly attend to all orders received for

Plumbing, Tin and Sheet Iron Work, Tin Roofing and Conductors.

As I do my own work, will warrant all work. My prices are as cheap as the cheapest. Favor me with a call.

Stoves, Furnaces & Ranges

Cleaned, repaired and For Sale.

Stoves Stored. All kinds Tinware made to Order.

Shop Main St., adjoining Town Hall, Lexington. Order boxes at Post office, and East Lexington. June 25th

Geo. E. Muzzey,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

LIME, CEMENT, HAIR, etc. also

Building Materials Generally.

Outside Windows a specialty

Agent for Bradley's, Chittenden's and Pacific Guano Co.'s

Fertilizers of all kinds,

AND AKRON DRAIN PIPE.

Doors, Windows, Sashes, Blinds, on hand, or furnished to order; also